Jas. Fitz-Roy.

# AN ACCOUNT

Of the Apprehending two Persons supposed to be the

# D. of MONMOUTH AND Sir THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

Dublin August *the 6th.* 1683.

THere happ'ned a Passage here lately, no less Unfortunate than Divertive; and no less Pleasant than Real; I wish for the sake of all Fugitives and Traytors, that there were no less Mistake in the Thing, than is Truth in the Relation.

Yesterday there arrived two Gentlemen at a place called *Mallahide* in *Fingall* within seven Miles of *Dublin*. They were well Arm'd with good Swords and Four Case of Pistols, Two whereof they carryed in their Pockets.

The Town affording but little Accomodation, they went to *Lusk*; the Country People all the way making their Observations upon them, as two of the Gayest People they had seen for a long time at *Mallahide*. The one being a Young, Comely, Tall, Proper, Black Gentleman, they began to make their Constructions that they were some of the *Goody-hangs* in the *Proclamation* that had Fled out of *England*: One said it was *Armstrong*, another the Lord *Gray*; but most for the proportion of his Parts, the Comelineſs of his Person, and the Majesty of his Presence, concluded it to be the Duke of *Monmouth*, and the other the Lord *Gray* who Attended him in the nature of his Man. They had no sooner gone into the House to Refresh themselves, but Consultation was held which way to Surprize them; not so much out of any hopes of Reward, as true Instinct of Loyalty to secure a *Traytor*, which to a *Sheep-stealer* is the next thing they abominate in that Country. At last six of the most Adventurous, Daring and most Resolute, resolv'd to Assault them. But considering the Reward was 500 Pounds, and they six in number, it bred

bred a great Contention how 500 *l.* could be devided in equal parts betwixt six People. The Contest was so high, that it soon came to more than Words, several Shins, Clubs and Heads were broke; at last having made their number even, by laying one Sprawling upon the ground, Swearing a thousand Oaths he was Dead. The other five went into the House, two went up to the Table where the Gentlemen Strangers sat, bidding them *Welcom*, as is the Custom of the Place, they being in that Country very Civil and Bountiful to Strangers. Having planted themselves one of each side the Young Tall, Black Man; one of them kindly Embracing him about the Middle, said, *Your* Grace *is the* Kings *Prisoner, will you take any* Snuff *for the* King, at which the rest came up and secured the other.

The Gentlemen surpriz'd, desir'd to know the meaning of that Rude and Unmannerly way of Complement. The *Fingaulians* bid them to hold their *Clamper, and not to put any Mockage upon him, for they knew by his Pretty Black-Brows it was the Duke of* Monmouth, *he had seen his Pretty Sweet Face fourty Times in the Picture on Horseback*; and Swore, *By* Chreest *and St.* Patrick, *if that was not his* Grace, *he was sure it was his* Garrane, *and the very same day was put vith him in a Paper.* One being wiser than the rest, and perceiving that he had a gay Suit under his Outer-Coat, said, *If it be the Duke of* Monmouth *he has a* Star *upon his Shoulder: Ill Chance upon dee for a Fool, said* Rory, *will thou look for a Star when he has a Cloud upon him? Pull off his Coat says* Donnough *and thou wilt find it, I can see it peeping out through his Button-holes*; with that they pull'd off his Coat, the Gentleman having underneath a new rich Crimson Vest, with large Silver and Gold Flowers; which when the *Mungbans* perceived, *bulla loo bulla loo*, the Duke of *Monmouth's* own shelf, *By my Shoul* it is a thousand Stars he has about him: with that being convinc'd, in came the whole Rabble, and brought him before the next Justice of Peace; where being examined, and seeming (out of an ambition to be so Grac'd and Honour'd) rather to render themselves suspected, they were sent with a strong Guard to *Dublin*: while this was in agitation before the Justice, News had arrived to his Excellency the Earl of *Arran*, that the Duke of *Monmouth* was taken at *Maldbide*; who immediately sent away Captain *Homes* with a Squadron of the Guards, to conduct him to the Castle of *Dublin*; where he was brought with a greater Retinue of *Fingaulians* and others, than he had White Wastcoats at *Exeter*, or Rabble at *Wapping*, or elsewhere; when he was brought before the Lord *Arran*, he knew the Duke of *Monmouth* and the Lord *Gray* so well as not to be mistaken in their Person; and upon examination of the Matter, one was found to be an Upholster, the other a Battle-Ax belonging to the Guard of Halberteers, who being at Sea bound for *England*, were put back by contrary Winds, and Landed at the place aforesaid.

Your Friend,

*W. Law.*

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